And theſe ſaime thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word is ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To thread the ſmall poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders: how theſe vaine weake nayles
May teare a paſſage thorow the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars;
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refnuge their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then Treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing Penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing, ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing Muſicke do I heare; *Muſicks plaies.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of care
To checke Time broke in diſordered ſtring:

But